

## For the Children

### WHY IS IT?

By Ozora S. Davis.

It is strange to me, and I never could see  
Just why the people should say  
That an owl in a tree is as wise as can be  
When he mopes and sleeps all day,  
And never a word from him is heard  
But just his "Who? Who? Who?"  
While he sits and winks and shivers and blinks,  
With nothing that's nice to do.

I'm sure if I were only to try  
To ask you a question or two,  
I could puzzle you more with my three or four  
Than this old owl with his "Who?"  
For I'd say, "Why?" And I would try  
To find out "How?" and "When?"  
I'd beat the owl, with his wise old scowl,  
And puzzle the wisest men.

But now, instead of nodding her head,  
And saying, "The child is wise,"  
Mother looks down, with a bit of a frown,  
And says, with a sweet surprise,  
"My dear, you know you will older grow,  
And then learn how, why, when.  
You can't know all till you're strong and tall,  
Don't ask those things again."

Now I don't see why an owl in a tree  
Is wise when he asks, "Who?"  
When a boy like me, with his questions three,  
Is a stupid child. Do you?

—Youth's Companion.

### SNOW IN SUMMER.

By Julia H. Johnston.

"It's so hot," sighed Louise, wiping her face with a wisp of a handkerchief that had been used the same way before, by its looks.

"So hot!" echoed the other half of the twin-pair. Lucy was Louise's echo, no matter what she said, but she looked now as if she couldn't say anything else. Her face was hot and wet, too; but she had not a shred of a handkerchief, so she rubbed her hands over it, none too clean, as it happened.

"It ought to be hot now," said mother, looking pleasantly at the smeared little faces. "It is June, you know."

"Why should it be hot now?" asked the twins almost in a breath.

"It is good for the growing things. June is the time for warm weather. Our Father God knows when to send it."

"Does he always send it now—this time of year?" Louise could not remember enough summers to make sure of this herself.

"Yes," mother began, "most always; but I know of one time when he did not. I wonder if you would have liked it that time?"

"Please tell us about," begged Lucy.

Mother could not stop sewing, but she began with the

delicious "Once upon a time" which made both twins forget how hot it was.

"Once upon a time there came a Sunday in June, far away in New York State. In a country parsonage a little girl named Wealthy was getting ready for church." The twins laughed silently over that very funny name, and felt sure that "once upon a time" was very long ago. "It was a long, low house, with a sloping roof. In front was the fore-room, and in the back was a lean-to. On one side of the little entryway was the bedroom where Wealthy was getting on her things, while mother got the footstove ready—a little boxlike thing of tin, with holes in it, filled with coals. (The twins opened their eyes, and seemed to say, "In June?") The little girl did not wear white but a stuff dress instead, and a cape. When mother called, she started out with her. It was a pretty long walk to the outside gate, where the horse was waiting, and by the time the two reached it their feet were the better for having a footstove to dry them. "Jump in," father said, holding Dobbin, the horse. And mother and Wealthy got into the sleigh!" The twins were too surprised to speak, but their faces said a good deal. "Yes," mother went on, "the ground was covered with snow on that June Sabbath, and it was deep enough to go to church in a sleigh. The father was the preacher, and had his sermon safely tucked away in a very large pocket. Wealthy never forgot that sleighride in summer. It was very strange, but it was sad, too. What became of the buds and blossoms, that, though a late spring, were now unfolding? It was pretty hard for the farmers all round, you may depend. But no one could help it, and it was not right to grumble. God sent the snow in summer for good reason, but are you not glad that he keeps it back now, and does not let it fall on our roses and on our garden?" "I s'pose so," said Louise, and Lucy echoed it. "But how did you know 'bout all this?" asked Louise suddenly. "You weren't there." Mother smiled. "No, indeed," she answered; "but I have heard my grandmother tell about that snow in summer. Her name was Wealthy. Wait and I will show you something that she gave me long afterward."

Mother went upstairs, and soon came back. In her hand was what looked like a thin square book, covered with dark blue paper. Inside were written pages, covered with a clear, firm handwriting, in black ink of some unfading kind, for it might have been but a day old. It was a sermon, and in the upper left hand corner the minister had written the place and time of its preaching. Mother showed the lines to the little girls as she read aloud: "Paris, N. Y., June 2, 1820. Rode two miles to church in a sleigh."

"How soon that snow in summer melted," said mother, as if talking to herself. "Yet here, after all these years, are the words the good minister spoke to his people that day. Wasn't it a good thing that what has lasted so long was what would help and not hurt people?" "Yes, mother," whispered the children, touching the yellowed paper with reverent little fingers. And they had forgotten all about the heat of the June day.—Herald and Presbyterian.